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LIFE IN EPITOME.

The relation of literature to life has been a subject of curious and inconclusive discussion in many times and lands. The Latin proverb said that *vita sine literis mors est*, thus emphasizing the grace bestowed by letters upon the bareness of normal existence. Turn the saving about and it has a more literal cogency; for literature without life is in very

truth the type of all death, physical, intellectual, and moral. But the exact nature of the connection between life and literature has always set the pundits at odds, from Aristotle to Arnold. The *katharsis* doctrine of the Greek sage seems widely at variance with the criticism-of-life theory expounded by the English apostle of sweetness and light, although the philosophical mind may, perhaps, discern in some such common term as 'interpretation' or 'reproduction' a possible synthesis of the opinions which, respectively, hold literature to be an influence acting upon life through the sympathetic emotions and a collection of embodied judgments upon human conduct. With these weighty and fundamental matters, however, it is not our present purpose to deal, but merely to speak of the single aspect of the subject which may be called the epitomizing quality of literature—its power to present, with pith and penetration, some human situation, or attitude, or problem, and to present it so typically that it may serve as a finger-post for the future no less than as a commentary upon the past.

Our meaning may be illustrated by a reference to one of the critical periods of American history. When, at the close of 1860, just after the election of Abraham Lincoln, President Buchanan sent his last message to Congress, he had to confront the great question of the impending secession. The substance of the message was to the effect that the Southern States ought not to withdraw from the Union, but if they should be so ill-advised, there was nothing for it but to let them go, and wash our hands of the whole proceeding. We do not know that anyone at the time pointed out the Shakespearean parallel to the case, but we have only to open our 'Much Ado About Nothing' to discover how perfect it was.

Dogberry. This is your charge; you shall apprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand in the prince's name.

Watchman. How, if he will not stand?

Dogberry. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogberry. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.

When was ever a historical situation more typically prefigured by a poet?

Recent French history, as illustrated by the *affaire Dreyfus*, may afford us another striking example. We all remember about the famous *bordereau*, and about the kind of evidence by which its authorship was sought to be proved. Now this situation was anticipated in truly marvellous fashion when 'Lewis Carroll' described the trial of the Knave of Hearts.

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry: "this paper has just been picked up."

"What's in it?" said the Queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to — to somebody."

"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual you know."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit, "in fact, there's nothing written on the outside." He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added: "It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please, your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove that I did: there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this; it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That proves his guilt, of course," said the Queen.

Reading the account of this episode, again we ask: When was an actual human problem ever more exactly foreseen, and when was ever the bias with which men approach a matter which engages their passions rather than their reasoning powers more delightfully satirized? Far apart as 'Much Ado About Nothing' and 'Alice in Wonderland' stand in the scale of literary values, they at least have in

common the epitomizing quality to which we are now calling attention.

There are many people, young people in particular, who with the best will in the world cannot understand why it is that men make such a fuss about literature, and who are honestly puzzled by the praises bestowed upon the great literary artists. They would like to join in sympathetic appreciation of the masters, and they have an abundant store of gratitude and reverence to lavish upon objects that approve themselves as worthy; but just what there is in Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Tennyson to call for such seeming extravagance of eulogy remains a dark mystery. Such people are apt, in their moments of revolt, to set it all down to a sort of critical conspiracy, and to consider those who voice the conventional literary estimates as chargeable with an irritating kind of hypocrisy. They cannot see for the life of them why the books of the hour, with their timeliness, their cleverness, their sentimental or sensational interest, should be held of no serious account by the real lovers of literature, while the dull babblers of a bygone age are exalted to the skies by these same devotees of the art of letters.

Time alone can work the cure of this disorder, for time brings experience, and the more experience men get, the nearer they approach in their sympathies to the great writers, whose greatness is based in large measure upon the richness of the experience that has come to them with their ripened years. Some young people never recover from the condition of open revolt into which they are thrown by the injudicious methods of our education. Literature is forced upon them before they are susceptible to its appeal, and remains ever afterward associated in their minds with the disagreeable tasks of the school room. Others gradually work themselves into a sort of pretended acceptance of the orthodox view, and do lip-service to the ideals of literary art which are stamped as worthy by the voice of authority. Still others assume an attitude of proper humility in the presence of the great writers, admit that there must be more in them than is presently apparent, and honestly endeavor to grow into sympathy with them. These, and these alone of the three classes, have their reward in an ever-broadening understanding and appreciation of the meaning of the masterpiece, of the significance of its essential message to the soul of man.

Yet even these, unless they are exceptionally

endowed with sensitiveness to the artistic impression, may never penetrate into the arena of the æsthetic mystery. They may never come to know, as an intimate ecstasy rather than as a lesson learned by rote, why it is, for example, that 'Kubla Khan' is a shade more wonderful than anything else in Coleridge, why it is that Hamlet's 'Absent thee from felicity awhile,' has a beauty so supreme that it is the crowning verse of the entire tragedy. But they may come to know, very sympathetically and completely, the significance of those phrases in 'Hamlet' or elsewhere, which contain the ultimate distillation of a rich experience, and to enter into this kind of communion with a great poet is no mean privilege. It is, we are inclined to think, the largest reward that literature offers to the faithful many, although a further and finer reward awaits the few whose senses are rightly attuned for its reception.

This power of exhibiting life in epitome, of providing the typical form of expression for its every relation, of recasting common experience to heightened and purified effect — this is the power which makes literature mean so much to mankind, and gives it for each individual a meaning in proportion to the variety and depth of the experiences that have made up his own life. Frederic Myers speaks, in a beautiful passage, of 'the mass of emotion which has slowly gathered round certain lines of Virgil's as it has round certain texts of the Bible, till they come to us charged with more than an individual passion and with a meaning wider than their own — with the cry of the despair of all generations, with the yearning of all loves unappeased, with the anguish of all partings, "beneath the pressure of separate eternities."' And this, in some degree, is what must be said of all the great poets, and it is the secret of their enduring influence. When a work of literature has had time to acquire associations of this description, and has proved itself worthy of the accretion, its immortality is assured. The fashion of the world changes, the material works of man crumble away, and social arrangements feel the touch of mortality; but the human soul amid all these transformations of environing conditions, remains responsive to the same appeal as of old.

'Pallas is not, Phoebus breathes no more in breathing
brass or gold:

Clytemnestra towers, Cassandra walls, for ever: Time is
bold,

But nor heart nor hand hath he to unwrite the scriptures
writ of old.

Dead the great chryselephantine God, as dew last evening
shed:

Dust of earth or foam of ocean is the symbol of his head:
Earth and ocean shall be shadows when Prometheus shall
be dead.'

THE PROBLEM OF CRITICISM.

There is a story of a carpenter's apprentice who ran through the streets with his arms extended, crying out, 'Don't get in my way! Don't get in my way! I am carrying the measure of a door.' The critic who is honest in his trade will hardly claim that his methods are much more exact than this. There is no metric system that can take the precise height and breadth and depth of works of genius. And literature and music, at least, dwell in regions of the fourth dimension and are floated still farther out of reach of measurement and comparison.

What is literature? Why do we read books? The answers to the first question are as various as the minds that have essayed the riddle. To Aristotle, literature was an imitation of life. To Plato, it was an imitation of an imitation, a copy of that which itself is only a blurred reflection of the Divine Ideas. To Schiller, literature was the play impulse of mankind, man's spirit freeing itself in the ideal. To Ruskin, literature was man's hymn of praise to God. To Matthew Arnold, it was a criticism of life. The trouble with all such explanations is that they do not explain. They are partial and inadequate. They do not cover the whole ground. We have to frame a definition of literature which will bridge the gulf between the Iliad and 'The Banquet of Trimalchio,' between 'King Lear' and 'Willie brew'd a peck o' maut'; between the philosophy of Kant and the latest detective story. And we have to take into account that the mortal puts on immortality when transformed by art. Literature may be a shadow, an imitation, a criticism of life. It may be a reflection in a mirror, but its images detach themselves from the glass; they walk out into the world with an existence no less assured and certainly more lasting than the creatures of life, and they dominate the world for good or evil.

Perhaps in the answer to our second question we may find some solution of the first. Here, too, there are many guesses, but critical opinion may be said to arrange itself into two opposing camps. One clan of critics claim that the purpose of literature is pleasure. It awakens, they say, agreeable images and impulses in our minds, and its essence therefore is beauty. To the other army the end of literature is moral

good. It tends, they say, to instruct, discipline, and exalt mankind.

The first of these explanations is plainly inadmissible in regard to many of the mightiest works of literature. These tire or shock or appall the average mind. The average mind makes indeed no effort to grapple with them, and if they are written to please they miss their object as far as the generality of readers is concerned. Only the most athletic students can cope with them. Undoubtedly when they are finally mastered by these, they give a glow of conquest and achievement, a sense of revelation. But this recompense deserves a higher name than pleasure. When the athlete, after months of laborious training, runs his race and falls fainting at the goal, his sense of triumph is something different from pleasure. When the Catholic penitent flagellates his bare back with a knotted whip, his sense of sin rebuked, of flesh mortified, is something other than pleasure. When the Indian sings his death song at the stake while the fire is licking at his limbs, his stern sense of joy is hardly pleasure in any ordinary meaning of the term. While we have such ideas as duty, honor, devotion, religious emotion, to explain the incitements of men to difficult or heroic deeds, there is certainly no need to subsume all these under the inferior conception of pleasure. And all these feelings and many others help us on in our dealings with literature. The case is similar in regard to beauty, which many writers on æsthetic deem the central or sole object of literature. We have the ideas of the grand, the sublime, the pathetic, the terrible, the grotesque, the imperfect, all of which enter into the productions of art. Why should we arrange all these conceptions, some of which transcend and some of which contradict the idea of beauty, under that term? Beauty, indeed, is only one of the elements out of which the world of art is fashioned.

The parties of the other part, who contend for literature as an instrument of use and moral improvement, have a far better case, but even they do not have the whole law in their hands. Much admirable literature is repugnant to the moral sense. If we deal with books in any large way we must read those which contaminate the mind, which hurt the soul. We cannot ignore them and pass them by, under penalty of dwelling in a Fool's Paradise. We must go down and fight with beasts at Ephesus. Zola has his rights as well as St. Thomas à Kempis. Literature is really the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the taste of it is apt to be destructive to any paradise of innocence. It is true that our loss leaves us with a greater strength, but it is a strength of sadness rather than of joy.

If we look at literature in a plain, direct way, we will find, I think, that it has four functions, four ways of serving mankind. It has the power to amuse, it has the power to instruct, it has the power to charm, and it has the power to exalt. Of course there is no hard and fast line of division between these several gifts. They exist side by side in the same books, and the greatest combine them all.

A large half of the writings of men exists only to amuse. The amusement furnished is of all qualities. The shilling shocker, the lounge book for the hammock or railway journey, the mass of novels and short stories, give amusement of many grades—but amuse they must. Story-telling, indeed, antedated writing, and it exists where books do not penetrate. The ancient Greek or Irish bard travelled on his tales of wonder and adventure, and the modern after-dinner speaker pays for his meal by his witty or spicy anecdotes. Wherever men are gathered together in relaxation, over camp-fires or in smoking-cars, they swap stories like so many embryo novelists. We are eternally interested in our own doings, and we endure the tales of others for the chance of telling our own. And we project ourselves into the stories we read, and dream them over in our own person. Voyages, adventures, fightings, love-makings, eatings, treasure troves, losses, crosses, pains and gains,—no story can be dull for us which is crowded with such happenings. The characters may be sawdust dolls, the philosophy non-existent, the style that of the stone age. But if the road lengthens before us, the inn door invites, clowns crack their jokes, a dinner smokes on the table, swords flash, a lady's dress rustles in the background, a bearded pirate sits on a chest, then *ennui* can claim us no more that day,—we are bound to be happy. The born story-teller is a lucky fellow. All ears are his, and if these appendages become prodigiously lengthened under his treatment, it is not his fault. In the hands of the great novelists and dramatists the mere spectacle of life merges into deeper things. It becomes romance which intoxicates, comedy whose mockery makes us meditate, or tragedy whose sorrow shakes our souls.

The fact that imaginative literature can instruct is anathema to the average writer on æsthetic. He quotes De Quincey's distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power, and relegates all writing that is of use to the former category. The distinction is a valuable one, but may be pushed too far. The great books of the literature of knowledge, the works of the philosophers, are full to the brim with ideas of power. They may be couched in the most abstract form, but their total effect is to raise in our minds images of

pomp and grandeur and gloom. They picture forth the 'dark foundations of man's estate' and the arches and fabrics of glory which spring therefrom. And equally the literature of power is instinct with knowledge. In fact, a great part of all we know comes from the works of the imagination we have read. The shop-girl learns propriety and good manners and the art of dress from the novels she devours. How many people are there who have got all their history from Shakespeare and Scott and Dumas! It is very inexact history, but more vivid, more real, more essentially true, than that of the chroniclers. Our manners, our customs, our fads, we take largely from the poets and fiction writers. Dramas and novels have moulded the characters of millions. Smelling-bottles come or go in vogue as our favorite heroines are given to fainting fits or field sports. Virtue itself depends a good deal on the nod of a *Lovelace* or a *Rochester*. Werther imparts to a whole generation a turn for revolution and suicide. Mankind indeed is very chameleon, and changes its hues with great rapidity as the fiction writer dictates.

Literature's power to charm is its most persuasive, almost its most wonderful gift. Very often those who feel this charm the most desire nothing more from books. The form, the sound, the color of verse, the grace and glitter of style in prose, enchants them. They go about haunted by beautiful phrases; the spell of melodious words is on their lips. They have drunk the wine of *Circe*, they live in the garden of *Acrasia*—seated in hearing of a hundred streams. Noble landscapes fold them round, the blue opens above filled with white or colored clouds, and beneath beautiful figures rise from the wave with inviting arms. But persisted in too long, such delights enervate the mind. The man loses his wings to soar and his trained muscles to climb. Soon the witch of the place comes and dashes a few drops of water in his face, and he loses, too, his human form. He grovels at the enchantress' foot, and if a *Ulysses* or a *Sir Guyon* comes to rescue him he will not leave the place. The decadence of every literature dates from the day when it gave way to charm,—when it abandoned the painful ways of lofty thought, the stress of stormy conflict, and sank back to cultivate beauty and prettiness and peace. But within limits subject to the rule of the mastering spirit, charm is the most potent weapon in the armory of art. It attracts, allures, rewards. In the form of style it eternizes conceptions which would be forgotten without it. It is nearly the whole equipment of the second order of creative minds. *Sophocles*, *Menander*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, and their compeers, are its magicians. And its spell is even more profound in the pages of the greater men.

Amusement is good, instruction is good, charm is best of all; but if these gifts were all that literature had to proffer, it could hardly justify its claim to be the guide and guardian of humanity. Taking literature in its widest sweep, which embraces religion and philosophy, it inspires and exalts. Religion is more than literature, but it is at least that. Philosophy is other than literature, but it is that also. And the greater works of the imaginative reason are so inwoven with religion and philosophy that we cannot separate the strands.

Literature may do its deed of direction in many ways, its voice of inspiration and exaltation may ring out in many tones. It may work by direct ethical discourse, as in the great preachers and teachers and moralists. It may present pure and perfect ideals in dramatic or allegorical form, as in the poets of abstractions, *Spenser* and *Schiller* and *Shelley*. It may tear away the veil of sense from nature and show us an apparent void beyond, as do the last of the philosophers, *Kant* and *Schopenhauer*. It may raise its voice in flat rebellion. It may call on us to desert the mosque for the tavern with *Omar*, or draw us to revel and defy with *Don Juan*, or urge us to curse with *Cain*, or inspire us to fight with indomitable courage with *Lucifer*. Or, lastly, it may present us, as it does by the hands of the greatest poets, with pictures of humanity and the universe, in their essence as they are, concentrated and made intelligible. It may show us the contrast between the greatness of man's soul and the brevity of his life, the apparent littleness of his fate. It may show us good and evil in their most tremendous realities, and leave us to make our choice.

Wherever there is seriousness of purpose, energy of thought, vividness of form, there a greatness lives in literature which can inspirit and exalt. More than anything else, humanity needs the shock of great minds. It matters comparatively little whether it receives this shock from minds which communicate the ecstasy of joy, the rapture of holiness, the triumph of strife, or the terror of despair. All of these emotions are good for us. They lift and move and drive us out of the monotony and dullness and stagnation of ordinary existence. Cardinal Newman called *Milton* and *Gibbon* proud and rebellious sons of God. He meant that from his point of view they were doing God's work in an unauthorized way. Most of the religions and philosophies and literatures of the world are profoundly melancholy and pessimistic. But this melancholy is a million times better than smug satisfaction and acquiescence with low levels of life.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

The New Books.

A SCHOOLMATE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

The interest, one might almost say the charm, attaching to the name and personality of Edward FitzGerald will attract many readers, otherwise indifferent, to the collection of letters which Mrs. Catharine Bodham (Donne) Johnson has carefully edited and annotated, and has entitled 'William Bodham Donne and his Friends;' for among these letters are forty-five, hitherto unpublished, from FitzGerald to his life-long friend Donne (or, in half a dozen instances, to some member of Donne's family). Mr. W. Aldis Wright's editions of the FitzGerald letters contain but twenty-two addressed to Donne, none of which are here republished. These new letters seem quite as characteristic of their writer as the twenty-two selected by Mr. Wright. Letters to and from Bernard Barton, Fanny Kemble, John M. Kemble, and R. C. Trench, are conspicuously present in the volume; but the name most often on the pen of all these writers is that of FitzGerald, to whom the index gives eighty-two references, more than are entered under any other name, even including that of Donne himself. That the Woodbridge recluse should have served thus in some sort as a common bond of sympathy to unite this amiable and interesting group of correspondents, increases our fondness for him and sets us to pondering anew on that mysterious something in his character that has taken captive the affections of so many and is likely to win him still other friends among the yet unborn.

Of William Bodham Donne's life-history, this book has little to say of a formal nature, that little being said chiefly in the editor's introduction. The main outlines of his biography, as elsewhere chronicled, can be soon given. The intermingling of Donne, Bodham, Cowper and Johnson blood in the family pedigree need not here greatly concern us. Mrs. Johnson speaks of the poet Cowper as Donne's cousin; but it was a distant cousinship, the poet's mother (whose maiden name was Donne) being great-aunt to both Donne's parents, and Donne's great-aunt, Mrs. Anne Bodham, being also cousin to the poet, while the whole Donne-Cowper-Johnson company trace their descent from William Donne, a Norfolk gentleman of the seventeenth century, and through him claim the poet Donne as their

*WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE AND HIS FRIENDS. Edited by Catharine B. Johnson. With sixteen illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

ancestor, but have not yet clearly proved this claim. Mrs. Johnson, our editor, is the daughter of W. B. Donne's eldest son, and is related by a double affinity to her husband, the Rev. Henry Barham Johnson, both man and wife having Donne and Johnson blood commingled in their veins. But in spite of so much breeding in and in, the Donnes seem to have made their modest mark in very creditable fashion.

Our own particular hero, born in 1807, and thus two years older than FitzGerald, was educated at the grammar school of Bury St. Edmunds, where he formed lasting friendships with Edward FitzGerald, James Spedding, and John Mitchell Kemble, and at Caius College, Cambridge, where he joined with eleven others of future fame in founding the so-called Apostles' Club—properly the Cambridge Conversazione Club. Conscientious scruples against signing the Thirtynine Articles prevented his graduating. The Kemble connection doubtless influenced him in turning his attention to the drama, and opened the way to his succeeding J. M. Kemble as Examiner of Plays in 1857, a post which failing health forced him to resign in 1874. He had previously held the librarianship of the newly established London Library, and had refused the editorship of the Edinburgh Review on the ground that his retired habits kept him uninformed as to current events, political and literary. A rather rash step, as it appears to the reader, was his marriage at twenty-three, with little but the profession of 'poor gentleman' to look to for support, to his kinswoman Catharine Hewitt, who was certainly old enough to have known better, being nine years her husband's senior. The mothers of William and Catharine were first cousins, and thus the family tradition of cousinly alliances was piously followed. By the generous self-denial of Donne's mother the young couple were established on the maternal estate at Mattishall, in Norfolk, and there, in nearly as brief space as nature allows in such matters, they increased their country's population by five,—three sons and two daughters, who all grew to maturity, and one of whom married a daughter of their father's old friend Kemble. Much magazine and review writing of the best sort stands to Donne's credit, also the 'Euripides' and 'Tacitus' in Lucas Collins's 'Ancient Classics for English Readers,' the editing of several works for Weale's classical series, many contributions to Dr. Smith's classical dictionaries, and other literary work of merit. He was a fine scholar, with a graceful gift for verse and a delicate humor. He died in 1882, the year preceding FitzGerald's death.

In common with so many of his friends, Donne was an admirer of Fanny Kemble. Writing to Trench in 1829, he says of her 'Juliet' at Covent Garden, that it 'creates such a sensation in London that Drury Lane, I understand, is saved from emptiness, and blank cheques, by the overflow from Covent Garden.' He attributes her success to 'her ideality of impersonation.' From the many letters written to her by Donne in later life, one paragraph may be selected as illustrating his eclecticism in matters of religion.

'Frederic Maurice has at length got some preferment, not much worth the having, but nevertheless he has passed the barrier, and probably will rise higher ere long. He is come to a parish in our part of the town—and to a church which you may remember at the bottom of Wimpole St. and at the corner of Wigmore St. We shall resort to him: and I shall have within a circle of a quarter of a mile three such pulpit orators as content me, viz., J. J. Tayler, Martineau, and Maurice, nor will their doctrines be discordant in any material respect, as without concert and in ostensible opposition, all three have weeded their doctrine of many of the incumbrances of the Church of England.'

His intimacy with R. C. Trench permitted him to indulge in a little innocent mischief with his serious-minded friend. When the future archbishop was writing his 'Lessons in Proverbs' he asked Donne for such specimens of aphoristic wisdom as he could furnish. 'Have you this one,' asked Donne, — 'No fool so big but there's a bigger at his funeral?' 'No,' replied the collector of old saws, and was proceeding to write it down when something made him look up in time to catch a twinkle in his friend's eye; whereupon he taxed him with inventing the proverb, which the culprit could not deny. Soon after removing to Bury St. Edmunds, to enter his boys in his old *alma mater* there, he wrote humorously to Trench of his somewhat chaotic condition. He says:

'The number of Trades I have exercised in my own person of late astonishes me, my genius does not lie in history or criticism, but in upholstery and kindred manual acts. I have earned my bread for a month honestly, and I regard my month's hard-labour with some pride. I have one sitting-room carpeted, and a bed to lie on, and have had "losses go to—and wise fellow enough" and if I have not two gowns I have two gardens. Next week I must into Norfolk to prepare for my auction. It will be some time in September. Put money in thy purse and go to it. A power of books to be sold, for I have heroically curtailed my library to my dimensions here and sell all that is superfluous. Just as I am in the midst of chaos, comes a request from my master, Dr. Smith, that I would write him some sixty Roman lives for his Dictionary, and in fact be his sub-editor, because forsooth he is going on his

pleasures to Scotland. This is worshipful intelligence, but I am going to try and oblige him seeing that in the end I may repay my charges in moving.'

In a letter to Bernard Barton occurs a reference to 'E. F. G.' which will be enjoyed.

'Can you not put a little ratsbane in E. F. G.'s toasted cheese—not enough to make it fatal, but merely purgative. He has used me vilely. First he takes me to task for using long words, such as he says he does not understand; and then when I protest against being accused of affectation he defends himself by saying I am not so much affected as stupid. "Shall this fellow live?" All authors are in danger from him, and should unite against him. And you have such an opportunity as does not fall to every one's lot of quieting him.'

And now for a truly characteristic bit from E. F. G. himself. In the late summer of 1863, while enjoying his *dolce far niente* in his boat, somewhere about Lowestoft we infer, he writes a letter to Donne, of which the following much be-capitalized passage has the familiar sound and the familiar look.

'I think you would like this Bawdsey (though the Name should hardly be mentioned to Ears polite): only about a dozen Fishermen's Houses, built where our River runs into the Sea over a foaming Bar: on one side of which is a good sand to Felixstowe and on the other an orange-coloured Crag Cliff towards Oxford Haven: not a single respectable House, or Inhabitant, or Lodger: no white Cravats; an Inn with scarce Table or Chair: and only Bread and Cheese to eat. I often lie there in my Boat: I wish you would come and do so. But now I have got my Boat back, I think we are in for wet weather: which we shall all be glad of. Capital harvests everywhere: and even the Green Crops much better off than I have seen them in much less dry Seasons. There have been great dewes that have kept their Tails up. One night when I was becalmed going to Holland the sails reeked as after a three hours' Rain; and strange Fish with blue Fins came up and followed in such wake as the Boat made. They looked ghastly and haunted me in a Dream!'

A few sentences from a letter written by Fanny Kemble to Donne in 1857 show us poor FitzGerald playing the pathetically uncongenial part of Benedick. He and Lucy Barton had recently entered on their short and lamentable experience of married life.

'Ed FitzGerald has taken rooms at 24 Portland Terrace for 3 months, much to my delight, for he is within reach, much to his own discomfiture, for the rooms it seems are dark and dismal, looking forward on the wild beasts [in the Zoological Gardens], looking backward on a cemetery. The paper of his sitting-room is a dark, indeed, an invisible green, the windows are narrow, and he says that "his contemporary"—which, being interpreted, means his wife! looks in this chamber of horrors like Lucrezia Borgia. Most extraordinary of Benedicks is our friend. He talks like Bluebeard. Speaks "O'leaping o'er the line"; really distresses even Spedding's well-regulated

mind. I have however so much confidence in him that I believe all this irony with a rooted regard for Lucy, and so much confidence in Lucy as to believe she'll tame Petruchio, swagger as he list. Yet for the present I agree with your sister. "Your account," quoth she, "of Edward Fitzgerald is very droll, but not comfortable I think. At least if I was his wife, I should not like him even to play at being bored by me. I think my woman's feeling would revolt at that, and my woman's folly, at being called the 'Contemporary!'"

An anecdote illustrating Donne's extreme of scrupulousness in the censorship of plays is worth repeating. He is said never to have suffered the word 'God' to be uttered on the stage. One day a caller found him engaged with his children in looking over manuscripts. On entering the caller heard a voice say, 'Here's another God, father;' to which the answer came, 'Very well, my dear, cross him out and put "heaven" as usual.' The following from a letter to Fanny Kemble, refers to the abdicated censorship and to another matter of some interest. The date is Aug. 25, 1874.

'My abdication is not without its pleasures. The Queen, by the pen of her Privy-Purse-Keeper, Sir T. M. Biddulph, has sent me a very kind message of regret at my resignation and of satisfaction with my jurisdiction during my reign of 17 years. The Managers of Theatres are sending very kind tokens of regret and goodwill, and I am awarded for life a larger retiring pension than I looked for, viz., 350l. per annum. So, although there will be a shortening of my income, I need not send the hat round to my friends and acquaintance.

'Early in the month I passed four more pleasant days at Warsash. I like the little (for she is short of stature) "American Princess" [Mrs. Algernon Sartoris, daughter of Gen. Grant] very much, and it is most pleasant to behold her demeanor to your sister. She (Mrs. Sartoris) has exercised her usual magical genius in converting what was an ordinary farmhouse into a most comfortable and beautifully decorated abode—and a few fields into a most pleasant garden and grounds. She started with no other advantage—no mean one indeed—than a good supply of trees. The rest is the work of her own skilful hands.'

Among the many interesting portraits contained in the volume Fitzgerald's dome of thought rises in more than wonted majesty. One is glad to see Bernard Barton's honest face, young Richard Trench's thoughtful countenance, and a drawing, hasty though it is, of John Kemble. The workmanship of both editor and printer is good. One error, however, has crept into Mrs. Johnson's genealogical chart: she makes Donne to have been born in 1809 instead of 1807. Was this owing to a half-conscious regret that her grandfather had, by so narrow a margin, missed the *annus mirabilis* of birthdays?

PERCY F. BICKNELL

PROBLEMS OF OUR NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION.*

In the preface to his work on 'The National Administration of the United States,' Dr. Fairlie calls attention to the fact that very little has been written on the administrative side of our government, though other features have been treated exhaustively by careful commentators. No further apology was necessary to justify the publication of this book. The intelligent layman of to-day may have a pretty accurate idea of the powers of Congress, and even of how its routine business is carried on; he may also know enough of the Judiciary to feel confident of his ability to discuss it with some degree of intelligence; of course he is familiar with the Executive, and talks readily of the Cabinet; but if asked to explain in detail the duties and methods of these offices, he probably would beat a hasty retreat. To supply the deficiency of such knowledge is the task Dr. Fairlie has undertaken. Two chapters of the book are devoted to the President, one to the Senate and Congress, one to the Cabinet and its members, one to Administrative Organization, one to each of the departments of the Cabinet, and one to the Detached Bureaus. The duties of the officials in these departments, and their methods of performing them, are explained in detail.

Naturally, the President, the chief executive officer, is considered first, and attention is given to his power of appointment and removal. A century ago there were about four hundred Presidential offices; to-day there are over six thousand, with over twelve millions of dollars in salaries, none of which is protected by the Civil Service regulations, or can be, according to Dr. Fairlie. While the right to select these officers nominally belongs to the President, in practice the selections are virtually made by Senators, sometimes by Representatives,—for the two-fold reason that one man could not be expected to look into the details of the qualifications of so many applicants, and that the Senators wish a share in the National patronage. As a remedy for this evil, and as an offset to centralization in administration, the author suggests decentralization of administration, giving the appointment of local officers to state governors. Another source of abuse, not mentioned by the author, is found in the power of appointing during a recess of the Senate, with commissions running to the close of the next session.

*THE NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By John A. Fairlie, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Through this power the Executive may keep in office a man not acceptable to the Senate. A notorious case was that of Dr. Crum, collector at Charleston, who was repeatedly appointed after his rejection by the Senate.

In nothing, perhaps, does the history of our government contrast more sharply with that of the European governments than in the powers and functions of the Executive. While the monarchs of Europe have been slowly losing their prerogatives through usurpations by the legislatures, our Executive has been steadily gaining ground. Though made chiefly responsible for the administration, in the early days his powers of direction were held to be small. Indeed, so late as 1835 a United States judge held that inferior officers, even members of the Cabinet, were bound to execute the duties of their offices according to their own judgment, not according to the direction of the President. But this decision had just been anticipated by a strong Executive, Andrew Jackson, who held that his own views of the Constitution were worth as much as those of the Supreme Court. In this case he secured obedience through the power of dismissal, when his Secretary of the Treasury would not cease depositing the funds of the government with the United States Bank, though the matter was left to his discretion by law.

The growth of the prerogative has been remarkable in the ordinance power. This is one of the residuary powers of the Crown in England, but here it is largely a development. In many cases the power is expressly conferred by statute; in others, says Dr. Fairlie, is 'an exercise of constitutional executive powers.' But this power is closely related to, if not a part of, the legislative power, a thing which Congress cannot delegate. The establishment of a 'penal system with a code of penalties and a system of procedure,' as in the regulations governing the revenue-cutter service, has a rather shaky basis in the oath of the Executive to see that the laws are faithfully executed. It is the business of the legislature to provide the ways and means; if it fails to do this, the blame rests with it. The President is authorized to send and receive ambassadors; but when two of our most highly esteemed Executives, Madison and Monroe, ventured to create the office of ambassador and fill it during a recess of Congress, they were rebuked therefor, though the business was urgent.

As he is to execute the laws, their first interpretation rests with the President. Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln claimed powers coördinate with the judiciary in this respect, and

refused to follow its decision in at least one case each. Much has been said from time to time about legislation by judicial interpretation. A remarkable case of Executive legislation may be found in the famous pension order of last year, which decreed that the attainment of a certain age was sufficient evidence of disability, regardless of actual physical condition, to entitle soldiers to pensions.

The second chapter, on 'The Executive,' is devoted mainly to Foreign Relations and Military Powers. Perhaps it is in the latter that the prerogative has seen its freest development. Just here Dr. Fairlie's treatment is not altogether satisfactory. He correctly says that it is difficult to draw a line of demarcation between the authority of Congress and that of the President, but indicates that Congress regulates matters of permanent importance, while the President determines those of a temporary nature. It may be questioned, however, if the President is thus limited in practice. President Lincoln once increased the standing army, though this is a precedent not likely to be followed, even under like necessity. But he prescribed 'Instructions for the Government of the Armies in the Field' which are still used, though they appear to fall within the power of Congress to 'make rules for the government of the land and naval forces.'

The power of the President as a military governor, exercised through the War Department, over conquered territory, are well set forth in a few sentences. The Insular Cases are cited to show that, after the cessation of hostilities, neither he nor his subordinates can impose duties on goods passing between the United States and ceded territory. The public has accepted this as law, and now would like to know by what authority the Secretary of the Navy imposes duties on goods imported into Tutuila, Samoa, from the United States, and admits goods there from foreign countries under laws not prescribed by Congress, while the Secretary of the Treasury admits goods which have paid these duties in Samoa to the United States free of duty. Perhaps the power to suspend and amend state laws and to disperse a state legislature, not mentioned in this book, is not recognized as legitimate, but it was exercised by President Lincoln in Maryland and Delaware.

Dr. Fairlie finds only two remedies against the action of the President—impeachment, and the refusal of the courts to execute unconstitutional orders. The statement that 'when the writ of *habeas corpus* was opposed by the orders of the President, the court declined to take further action,' is misleading. What

Chief Justice Taney actually did was to file his opinion and confess himself helpless before the superior military power.

The 'varied industries' of the Treasury Department are set forth in detail. While the collection and disbursement of the revenue is its main business, it performs many other duties, some of which—such as the life-saving and public-health service, and the supervision of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving—would seem to belong more appropriately elsewhere. The pages devoted to the Currency and Banking are not altogether satisfactory, for after reading them one still carries with him a somewhat hazy notion of the subject. However, an exposition which would really clarify it hardly falls within the province of the author, so far as he is concerned merely with administration.

The book is written in a readable style, which is all that may be fairly expected of one which simply attempts to set forth the details of administrative work as they actually exist, with a minimum of criticism and suggestion. For the most part it is easily understood; but after repeated readings, one paragraph, that on the Collection of Internal Revenue (p. 110), still remains more or less incomprehensible.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LUCIAN.*

Mr. Thwaites has undertaken a prolonged service for which all students of the pioneer days in America must thank him devoutly. Following in the trail opened a few years ago by Professor Coues, in the publication of the Journals of Pike and of Henry, he has now given us the fourth installment of his reprints of early travellers, in addition to the magnificent series of 'Jesuit Relations' which will keep his memory green in all the large libraries of the land. To the unimpeachable records of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, made by the leaders and by Gass, and the narrative of the mendacious Hennepin, he now adds, in the same beautiful typography, the more entertaining narrative made by the philosophical Gascon, Lahontan. The original work was published in French and English editions in the same year, 1703, as Mr. Thwaites says, 'avowedly as a last resource on the part of the bankrupt fugitive.' More than a dozen editions, mostly French, followed to

1741, since which time no complete reprint has appeared until now. Yet the work, for its manner as fully as for its contents, is well worthy of a modern revival.

Louis-Armond, le Baron de Lahontan et Hesteché, was a native of Bearn, and was born on the French slopes of the Pyrenees. Inheriting a dilapidated estate, he sought his fortunes in the 'marine corps'—that portion of the army entrusted with the care of the colonies; and in 1783, at seventeen years of age, he began his wandering career in New France. For ten years he lived the adventurous life of a soldier, a courier, and an explorer, and saw the new world of France from Quebec to the sources of the Mississippi, and back again to Newfoundland. In an evil hour, in 1793, he was driven by the persecutions of his superior officer to fly from his post; and from that hour to his death, in 1715, he was a man without a country, although probably not in penury, owing to the popularity of his remarkable book. Those were the days to which Mr. Austin Dobson assigns a court-life where

'All went naked save the truth.'

and to such a jaded and satiated public a book like Lahontan's was a godsend. As Mr. Thwaites observes:

'Lahontan recounted not only his own adventures and the important events that occurred beneath his eyes in the much-talked-of region of New France, but drew a picture of the simple delights of life in the wilderness more graphic than had yet been presented to the European world. In the pages of Lahontan the child of nature was depicted as a creature of rare beauty of form, a rational being thinking deep thoughts on great subjects, but freed from the trammels and frets of civilization, bound by none of its restrictions, obedient only to the will and caprice of his own nature. In this American Arcady were no courts, laws, police, ministers of state, or other hampering paraphernalia of government; each man was a law unto himself, and did what seemed good in his own eyes. Here were no monks and priests, with their strictures and asceticisms, but a natural, sweetly reasonable religion. Here no vulgar love of money pursued the peaceful native in his leafy home; without distinction of property, the rich man was he who might give most generously. Aboriginal marriage was no fettering life-covenant, but an arrangement pleasing the convenience of the contracting parties. Man, innocent and unadorned, passed his life in the pleasures of the chase, warring only in the cause of the nation, scorning the supposititious benefits of civilization, and free from its diseases, misery, sycophancy, and oppression. In short, the American wilderness was the seat of serenity and noble philosophy.'

One is tempted to quote at length from Mr. Thwaites's most admirable essay, in which he sums up the philosophy of this caustic and embittered son of the south; for it were idle to attempt to re-state what he has stated, once

*NEW VOYAGES TO NORTH AMERICA. By the Baron de Lahontan. Reprinted from the English edition of 1703, by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. In two volumes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

for all, in beautifully fit and appreciative language. Again he says:

'During his protracted sea-voyages, unending days in wilderness garrisons, and long months of campaigning in gloomy forests, Lahontan brooded upon the blemishes of civilization, contrasting it caustically with the simplicity of barbarism, and erecting an ideal system of savage perfection, which he used as a whip to lash the vices of his time. With the European passion for money, he compares the communal life of the North American aborigine, who seeks to satisfy only his immediate needs, and shares his possessions with whoever needs them: over against the servile caste spirit of the courtier, he places the proud independence of each Indian warrior: with the rigid bonds of the married state, he contrasts the easy libertinism of the barbarian: with the elaborate ritual and dogmas of the church, the primitive native myths of the sons of the forest. The comforts and luxuries of civilization are ridiculed, while the hardships and paucity of wilderness life are minimized. In short—to quote the words of his marvellous Huronian, Adario, "The Great Spirit has vouchsafed us an honest mould, while wickedness nestles in yours: and that he sends you into our country in order to have an opportunity of correcting your Faults, and following our Example."'

As one reads, he recognizes on the one hand the scoffing satire of that famous Latin-writer who was Lahontan's favorite, Lucian; and on the other he sees by anticipation the dreams for society of the Encyclopedists and of the 'Contrat Social.' He realizes, amid all the bitterness and scurrillity the soul of a man who, in the heart of the great solitudes or in the companionship of the individualized savage, gets nearer to nature's God, and to the true worth of life and service. There is a tonic inspiration about it which is akin to that which to-day stirs us in the aspiration and achievement of that newest race in the far East which is holding every gaze. JOHN J. HALSEY.

THE CITY MADE BEAUTIFUL.*

During the past decade there has been a constantly increasing interest in Municipal Art, which has culminated in definite accomplishment of no mean proportions. Still, there has been no great popular demand or movement, and the recognition of the great importance of Civic Art to a community is as yet confined to a comparatively small number of earnest individuals who believe that utility can be greatly aided by good taste. The foundation of our government is too solid, and its future in the world too permanent, for us longer to build merely for the moment, with

utter disregard of appearances and immediate surroundings. A discriminating observer can hardly fail to be deeply impressed with the incongruity of all that man has added to the surface of the earth. He has outraged natural beauties with such atrocious habitations and monuments that he has actually created a taste among the masses for the ugly and inharmonious. Many attractive regions have been artistically and picturesquely ruined by his insistent and overbearing personality expressed in supposititious architectural forms. He has imposed upon us by the glitter of gold, and blinded our eyes by quantity rather than quality. Frankly, he has given us that which we could appreciate most for the time being; but we are at last awakening to the fact that this gold is not without alloy. The blinding glitter is not now enough to hide its ugly shape, and we hope and pray that he will soon begin to express himself in forms of symmetry and stateliness. He has scarred the face of the country, and done his deadly work in raising false standards; but it is not yet too late for him to turn and express himself, where the community is concerned, in artistic terms with a harmonious environment. It is essential that he should not be indifferent, but should lead in the right education of the people. And this is the crux of the Municipal Art situation: the awakening of an unenlightened public, first to the knowledge of what civic beauty means, and second to the possibility of attaining it.

That the great masses are steeped in ignorance of its meaning, and that a large majority of the wealthy are coldly indifferent to its attainment, are two facts that are constantly impressed upon those who have had anything to do with Civic Art. The best ways of educating the one and overcoming the oftentimes hostile indifference of the other have been among the serious questions considered by Municipal Art Societies. Plans that required the backing of the city, the state, and sometimes the nation, have had to be abandoned, and effort has been resolved into one idea, which has finally become paramount, that of education. It is really an education of the eye, by examples of what has already been done in a simple way in this country, and also by showing how much the rest of the world has accomplished.

Among the practical aids which this movement has received, two books by Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson must be given a prominent place. Of one of these books, 'Modern Civic Art, or the City Made Beautiful,' a new edition has appeared, delightfully illustrated with views of places noted for their interest and beauty. In the preface to this edition, Mr.

*MODERN CIVIC ART. Or, The City Made Beautiful. By Charles Mulford Robinson. Second edition. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Robinson says that nothing has been more remarkable than the growth of the civic improvement movement during the last few years. Upwards of twelve hundred societies are now recorded, and the interchange of experiences and methods is of the greatest value. These clubs come in contact with each other through national organizations. He also thinks, so valuable are the suggestions that can be exchanged, that it is possible to have a literature of the subject that would be international.

It has been felt that a general awakening to the benefits of Municipal Art would at no distant date result in a demand for its consideration upon all suitable occasions. Its advocates have therefore been interested in methods of reaching the greatest number of people, and have concluded that the direct appeal to the eye is far superior to all others. No more important educational example was ever placed before Americans than the World's Fair of 1903; and we firmly believe that no influence has been more potent in awakening a taste for Civic Art. Not that we would wish an infinite number of 'White Cities' to spring up all over the country, but that the idea of harmony should enter more largely into the building of our towns; that the situation should conform to the topography of the land, and that every natural beauty should be preserved and enhanced. Mr. Robinson has realized this, and in his various chapters has taken up the possibilities of Civic Art and shown why certain cities are successful examples and how others can be made so. Civic Art is good, sound, practical reasoning, deduced from the experience of the ages, and meant for the masses of the people. 'Loving beauty, it loves humanity yet better. It wants the surroundings of men to be clean, wholesome, and uplifting, as well as pleasant to see. Personified, modern Civic Art appears as a sort of a social reformer; for if the eye be that of the artist, there is surely yet in it the tear of the philanthropist.'

Many people seem to think that art is something so impracticable, so superficial, so easily acquired when wealth comes, that it can have nothing to do with the foundation of things. They do not require or ask the same standard of perfection in what their eyes rest upon as they do in the working of a machine. They are content with that which is imperfect and oftentimes inferior on its artistic side, and only appreciate perfection in commercial things. And yet Civic Art is the best investment a city can make. It is the life of many cities of the Old World, and means millions of dollars to foreign nations. It creates pride in its citizens more than any other thing can, and holds their allegiance and love.

Municipal art is for all the people. 'If men seek it they seek it not for art's sake, but for the city's. They are not asking the town to help art, but art to help the town: the artists, not to glorify their art, but their art to glorify the city.'

RALPH CLARKSON.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Color-prints by masters of Japanese art. As appreciation of the color-prints designed by the Masters of the Popular School of Japanese Art broadens, the literature of the subject increases. From San Francisco (Paul Elder & Co.) comes Miss Dora Amsden's 'Impressions of Ukiyo-ye,' daintily printed on Japanese paper, and bound in Japanese style, though more substantially, as is suited to our rougher way of handling books. The author frankly disavows the work as an 'individual expression.' Her endeavor, she explains, is 'to give in condensed form the opinions of those qualified by study and research to speak with authority upon the form of Japanese art, which in its most concrete development, the Ukiyo-ye print, is now claiming the attention of the art world.' Were the views reflected only those of writers thus qualified, the book would have greater value. But from Fenollosa to Hartmann is a far cry. And in imagination alone can warrant be found for such extravagant statements as that 'To Ukiyo-ye the Japanese owed the gradual expansion of international consciousness which culminated in the revolution of 1868, — a revolution, the most astonishing in history, accomplished as if by miracle; but the esoteric germ of this seemingly spontaneous growth of Meiji lay in the atelier of the artists of Ukiyo-ye.' Interesting, indeed, were it true! Equally beside the mark are the assertions that 'Japanese Art was ever dominated by the priestly hierarchy,' and that, before the advent of Ukiyo-ye, 'the aristocratic schools had confined themselves entirely to representations of princely pageantry, to portraiture, and to ideal pictures of mythical personages, saints, and sages.' Has the author never heard of the landscapes of Sesshu, Shubun, Soami, and Motonobu, or of the birds of Chokuan and Utanosuke, or of the flowers of Korin and Kenzan, — to name a few only out of the host of artists who painted these subjects? And where did she get the notion that the 'national stage passion' of the Japanese 'overshadows the love of any other amusement,' or that 'it was to the persons of the actors, and the printers who spread their pictures broadcast, that the people owed the æsthetic wonders of their costume?' The frequent occurrence of such misstatements as these mar what would otherwise be a very acceptable essay, readable, and giving in compact form much information useful to those who are becoming interested in Ukiyo-ye prints. Errors in spelling, as Mitsunobu for Mitsunobu, Hogan for Hogen, Kitana instead of Katanas, and Fesole for Fiesole, may perhaps be charged to the print-

er and proof-reader; but not so such expressions as Tanyu of Kano and Shunsho of Katsukawa. Though intended in the sense in which we speak of Raphael of Urbino, they are in fact the equivalent of, let us for example say, Albrecht of Dürer, or Theodore of Roosevelt. Kano and Katsukawa are not merely the designations of schools; they are the surnames of the artists comprising these schools. Kano no Tanyu would be no less absurd than strange to the ear of a Japanese. The chapters on Hokusai and Utamaro are easily the best part of the book. The chapter on 'The School of Torii' is also excellent, though its caption is a misnomer, for it contains almost nothing about its nominal subject.

Second volume of 'Shelburne Essays.'

Mr. Paul Elmer More's second series of 'Shelburne Essays' (Putnam) maintains the high character of the first. Eleven papers are here brought together,—on English sonnets (Elizabethan and Shakespearean), Lafcadio Hearn, Hazlitt, Lamb, Crabbe, Meredith, Hawthorne, Kipling and Fitzgerald (in the same chapter), Delphi and Greek literature, and Nemesis. Most striking and original of all is the essay on Hearn. What Mr. More has to say about the union of eastern and western thought, both as illustrated in Hearn and as likely to lead to further developments, is profoundly, and, in a way not to be briefly explained, gruesomely suggestive. There is a decidedly oriental touch in the essayist's representation of love, more distinctively first love, to whose thralldom the 'indwelling of the past' gives a wonderful significance. 'We look into the eyes of love and it is as though, through some intense and sudden stimulation of vital being, we had obtained—for one supercelestial moment—the glimpse of a reality never before imagined, and never again to be revealed. There is, indeed, an illusion. We seem to view the divine; but this divine itself, whereby we are dazzled and duped, is a ghost. Our mortal sight pierces beyond the surface of the present into profundities of myriads of years,—pierces beyond the mask of life into the enormous night of death. For a moment we are made aware of a beauty and a mystery and a depth unutterable: then the veil falls again forever.' Characteristic of the writer's complexion of thought is his finding in Shakespeare—the sonnets and plays taken together—'one of the saddest human documents ever penned.' Characteristic too is his regret that Lamb is not more often altogether serious. As well find fault with the violet because its odor is not that of the rose, or complain of Mr. More's style because its seriousness is unrelieved by the faintest touch of humor. This, as Dr. Johnson long ago said, is like finding fault with a man six feet tall because he is not two inches taller. Kipling and Fitzgerald are linked together as being much talked about and read at the time the essay was written, six years ago. Although the essayist speaks of 'comparing' their work, the two are really, and necessarily, contrasted. In Crabbe the writer looks in vain for that 'sense

of infinitude' which Goethe makes the mark of high poetry. Crabbe certainly has his limitations. In his chapter on Hawthorne, Mr. More dwells on New England's 'brilliant flowering and quick decay.' Yet it might not be impossible to say a word in defense of present-day New England. The last two essays, dealing with matters of Greek philosophy and poetry, are admirable in the insight they display and in their wide and firm grasp of Hellenic literature. Both in his fine classical scholarship and in his carefully wrought sentences, Mr. More calls to mind the lamented Walter Pater, although the Oxford scholar's reading and literary sympathies, wide as they were, strike one as less comprehensive than Mr. More's. A cordial welcome awaits such further volumes of 'Shelburne Essays' as the author may see fit to publish.

A pleasant book of literary chit-chat.

The 'Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton,' which Mrs. Isabel Moore has edited and the Putnams have put into book form, are already known in part to readers of periodicals. These free-and-easy chats form a tolerably full autobiography of the late Mr. Hutton, and are most entertaining reading, being also fully illustrated in a very attractive manner. An early paragraph excites one's admiration of young Hutton's manliness and independence. Not to be dependent on his father, who, however, appears to have been a man of means, Laurence secured a position as errand boy, at four dollars a week, in a wholesale produce commission house, but still continued to move in polite society when off duty. He says, 'I never felt that my overalls were very becoming, but I was never ashamed of them; and when a young lady, with whom I had danced the varsovienne one night in Waverley Place, cut me dead the next day in Broad Street, because she saw me—in overalls—rolling a barrel of beans across a pair of "skids" on to a grocer's wagon, I was ashamed of her!' Of the innumerable good things that are every day being said by bright people, Hutton gathered up not a few. For example, H. C. Bunner, viewing the monuments of the great in Westminster Abbey, remarked to Hutton, 'There are three classes of Englishmen whom I can endure,—the Irish, the Scotch, and the dead.' Of Miss Ellen Terry we are interested to learn that, in reply to a comment on her commanding height as seen on the stage, she explained that she was five feet seven, but always stood on the balls of her feet, and sometimes on tiptoe. With a natural fellow-feeling, Hutton gives a long list of distinguished American men of letters who were without a college education; and he elsewhere says, knowing from experience whereof he speaks, that 'he is a lucky workingman of letters who can earn, readily and surely, the daily wages of a plumber's assistant or the gas man's apprentice.' Of the importance of a taking book title, we are told that 'a good title is so essential that men have been known to copyright titles and then, some day perhaps, to write books to fit them.' This

must be taken as a pleasant bit of exaggeration—of which other examples could be quoted—inasmuch as no title or title-page alone can be copyrighted, in this country and England at least. Three chapters are given to Mr. Hutton's famous collection of death masks, his 'scullery,' as it has been irreverently styled. On the whole, for its wealth of literary, dramatic, and miscellaneous reminiscences the book is one of the best of its kind. The editor deserves a warm word of praise for her part in the work.

A partisan biography of a great partisan.

The public career of Edwin M. Stanton was contemporary with the most turbulent period of American history, and he was always in the midst of the strife. Called to President Buchanan's cabinet during the closing months of his administration, and again to Lincoln's cabinet in 1862, chief promoter of 'arbitrary arrests,' prime manager of military drafts, and a voluntary sacrifice to President Johnson in the Reconstruction contest, Stanton's activities cover nearly every aspect of the struggle for the preservation of the Union. 'Storm-swept' he is called in a new work entitled 'Edwin McMasters Stanton, the Autocrat of Rebellion, Emancipation, and Reconstruction,' by Frank Abiel Flower. (Saalfeld Pub. Co., Akron, Ohio.) This volume of nearly 500 pages is not so exhaustive of the public life of Stanton as the two volumes by Gorham; but it gives more of the personal element, and, by its numerous interviews with Stanton's contemporaries, presents a full portraiture which the other lacks. It covers also the legal life of Stanton, following him through the various stations in life to which he was called. In addition to the many original sources drawn upon, the author has availed himself of numerous original photographs of men and places, which add to the educational value of the work. The treatment is frankly eulogistic. 'He was always great when others were little,' says the author. 'The Republic is his monument; the Rebellion is his biography.' A prefatory schedule is made of twenty-nine achievements of Stanton. It includes most of the important events of the War and of Reconstruction, leaving little to accredit to other participants. He is given credit for the prodigious industrial era which made America what it is, for putting backbone into Lincoln, for showing Butler how to capture New Orleans, for planning the capture of Norfolk and the blockade of the James river, and for creating the rams and mortar boats on the upper Mississippi. He conceived the Confiscation act, crowded Lincoln into signing the Emancipation act, armed the slaves of rebellious masters, rescued the starving army of the Cumberland, saved the city of Washington, protected Grant from public wrath, prevented Lincoln and Grant from giving away the fruits of victory, prevented the rehabilitation of secession, and kept President Johnson from seizing the army and bringing on another revolution. These claims will show that the viewpoint of the author is that of the Radicals in Congress, and consequently of extreme hostility to Johnson.

Although a less partisan view would be desired by the general public in these days of restored good feeling, undoubtedly the stand of the author is precisely that which Stanton would have wished to be taken. He was always a partisan and never a moderate.

A timely and forceful plea for Peace.

A committee of the Cobden Club of London puts forth 'The Burden of Armaments, a Plea for Retrenchment,' with the imprint of Mr. Fisher Unwin, but otherwise anonymous, at a moment when the world seems to have gone mad in its desire to prepare for the greatest wars. The disproportion between this evil rivalry in the hearts of the rulers of all so-called civilized nations, and the little book put out in all wisdom and sanity as an antidote to it, is reminiscent of William Lloyd Garrison's earlier attacks upon slavery, and might be considered ridiculous if one did not recall that noble encouragement to righteous men when the mob clamors without, 'One with God makes a majority.' But the book under consideration is much more than a mere recall to right feeling: it is no less an appeal to common sense. Arguing from the history of naval expenditures in the immediate past, it shows the unwisdom of doing what the American nation is now doing,—building numbers of battleships and armored cruisers, with the certainty that a few years will find them antiquated and inefficient. It shows the folly of international panics, which are artfully used by the lovers of war for increasing their preparations. More particularly it illustrates the vicious circle in which international emulation is going, as in the following paragraph: 'In the past nine years, Great Britain has constructed a larger tonnage of vessels of war than the aggregate of France, Russia, and Germany, in the proportion of 933,000 to 847,000 tons, a difference of 86,000 tons or 10 per cent; in 1904 we were constructing at the rate of 153,000 tons as compared with 130,000 of the three other Powers, an excess of 18 per cent. It cannot, therefore, be contended that this country has followed the lead of other naval Powers. The truer statement would be that only constant increases of naval expenditures have been inducements to other Powers to follow our lead.' The book is for thinking men—and for all who make more than a pretense of believing in Jesus Christ as the Prince of Peace. The timely little volume is imported for the American market by A. Wesells & Co., New York.

Main currents in 19th century literature.

The fourth volume of 'Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature,' the great critical work of Dr. George Brandes, has for its special subject 'Naturalism in England,' and has now been added to the translation in course of publication by the Macmillan Co. Since the fifth volume has already preceded this one in publication, but one more remains to complete the translation of the entire work. The author's introduction to this section of his series runs as follows: 'It is my intention to trace in the poetry of England of the

first decades of this century, the course of the strong, deep, pregnant current in the intellectual life of the country, which, sweeping away the classic forms and conventions, produces a naturalism dominating the whole of literature, which from naturalization leads to radicalism, from revolt against traditional convention in literature to vigorous rebellion against religious and political reaction, and which bears in its bosom the germs of all the liberal ideas and emancipatory achievements of the later periods of European civilization.' There needs only this statement of the theme, as the author conceives it, to make clear the fact that the task is one after his own heart, and that the present volume, even more than the others, reflects his own positive and aggressive critical personality. And the volume, although written in 1875, is still surprisingly fresh in its treatment. It takes us out of the ruts into which our native criticism has fallen, and gives us the European point of view, enforced by many apposite allusions from other literatures and from contemporary history. It is one of its author's most brilliant performances, and we have renewed, in scanning this translation, much of the enthusiastic interest with which we first read the volume nearly thirty years ago.

*Manual of
practical
indexing.*

Mr. A. L. Clarke's 'Essays on Indexing,' which have been running through several numbers of 'The Library World' for the past couple of years, now appear in separate form under the title 'Manual of Practical Indexing' (Library Supply Company, London), but re-cast and condensed, and with much additional material. Both literary and commercial indexing are treated, with many useful examples. About a quarter of the volume is devoted to the indexing of periodical literature; in addition to the general chapter on the indexing of works, special treatment is accorded to bibliography and history; as examples of commercial indexing are offered price catalogues, business directories, and correspondence. The last part is devoted to 'The Mechanical Production of Indexes,' and is largely a plea for the card system against the old-fashioned leaf system,—a rather unnecessary waste of thunder. An interesting appendix offers a sketch of the early history of the card system. The book supplies a much-needed guide to a kind of work that still is characterized by much carelessness and lack of method. 'If only,' the author says, 'systematized methods could be brought to bear upon the production of such indexes, the results would be more uniform and less unequal in value.'

*First Free State
of Louisiana
Purchase.*

Slightly belated in comparison with the many volumes recently appearing on the Louisiana Purchase, yet warranted by additional matter on a kindred subject, is a most attractive little volume by Dr. William Salter, entitled, 'Iowa, the First Free State in the Louisiana Purchase.' (McClurg & Co.) It is really a brief sketch of early Iowa history, treated through the various ownerships which the trans-Mississippi region underwent between dis-

covery and final settlement, and closing with the admission of the state to the Union in 1846. The author has hit upon a novel field, since no one has hitherto written exclusively of that part of the Louisiana Purchase which became the State of Iowa. Nor has he made a mere compilation of statistics in the usual fashion of state histories. There is enough of the personality of Indian, explorer, settler, and territorial official, to make a living story. A vast amount of information is given in this condensed and readable shape. The author has been identified with Iowa for nearly sixty years, and is qualified to speak with authority. But so broad is his view, that the book will undoubtedly prove as interesting and valuable to the people of all the states as to those connected with Iowa. Topics like the admission of Missouri as a slave state, the Black Hawk war and others, are of national interest. Extracts from relations of early voyagers and pioneers are interspersed with the text, giving additional vividness to the narrative.

*Elements of
psychology.*

A text-book of 'Elements of Psychology,' recently added to the considerable group that reflects the present-day interest in the subject, brings as its distinctive contribution the emphasis upon the practical reaction which the student is induced to make to the principles set before him. The author is Professor Thorndike, of the Teachers' College of Columbia University, who brings to his task vigor and insight, as well as the practical temper of one engaged in training teachers. By the constant facing of questions and exercises, the student is compelled to assume an active attitude to the pages of his text, and to reinterpret in the light of experience and reflections the conclusions which are embodied in accepted psychological doctrine. Particularly for introductory study does this method possess advantages, although it inevitably deprives the text of a desirable literary value and consistent exposition. Admitting the pertinence of the method (and there are doubtless many classes in need of this form of stimulation), one obtains from a survey of the pages an impression of decided appreciation of the students' needs and shortcomings, and likewise of the probable success with which the work will meet the needs of the situation. The excellence and completeness of the chapters on the nervous system deserve special commendation. The book is published by A. G. Seiler, New York.

*The mine
of Russian
literature.*

Prince Kropotkin's work on 'Russian Literature' (McClure) is based upon a course of lectures given by the author four years ago at the Lowell Institute. The lectures were eight in number, and the work is in eight corresponding chapters, eked out by such additional matter as was necessary to make the historical treatment reasonably complete. It is essentially a history of the modern literature, for only one of the chapters is devoted to a survey of works and writers anterior to Pushkin. Following the discussion of the eight writers upon whom attention is chiefly focussed, we have a chapter

on the drama, another on the folk-novelists, and a final chapter on political literature and criticism. Of the great national literature which is thus surveyed, the author speaks as follows: 'Russian literature is a rich mine of original poetic thought. It has a freshness and youthfulness which is not found to the same extent in older literatures. It has, moreover, a sincerity and simplicity of expression which render it all the more attractive to the mind that has grown sick of literary artificiality. And it has this distinctive feature, that it brings within the domain of art—the poem, the novel, the drama—nearly all those questions, social and political, which in Western Europe and America, at least in our present generation, are discussed chiefly in the political writings of the day, but seldom in literature.' Prince Kropotkin has given us a work of absorbing interest, colored, no doubt, by his own political philosophy, but discriminating and profound in its judgment of æsthetic values. Of the English language, as his readers well know, he is an absolute master.

The art of the Greek painters.

Accustomed as we are to centre all forms of Greek artistic activity in architecture and sculpture, it is with some surprise that we find Miss Irene Weir has ventured to write a book on 'The Greek Painters' Art' (Ginn). But, fortunately, the author justifies her attempt by awakening her readers' interest in various related subjects, such as Greek painting, vase painting, color as applied to architecture and sculpture, portrait, mosaic, and mural painting. Miss Weir possesses a delightful enthusiasm for the Greek painters' art, supported by knowledge of ancient and modern archaeological writings as well as a familiarity with art works. Of the two sources of information, literature and extant works, the latter source is far more attractive, and as the author says, the actual remains, such as Greek vases, mosaic and wall paintings, furnish us with the most interesting proof of the Greek painters' art. It is these works that Miss Weir describes mostly in detail.

NOTES.

'Evidence in Athenian Courts,' by Dr. Robert J. Bonner, is a recent pamphlet from the University of Chicago Press.

'Nature Study Lessons for Primary Grades,' by Mrs. Lida B. McMurry, is a recent school publication of the Macmillan Co.

'The Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language,' being a 'Dictionary of Errors,' by Mr. Sherwin Cody, is a booklet published by the Old Greek Press, Chicago.

The 'Hamlet' volume has just been issued in the 'First Folio' edition of Shakespeare, published by the Messrs. Crowell. Misses Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke are the editors of this, as of the preceding volumes.

'A Middle English Reader,' edited by Dr. Oliver Farrar Emerson, has just been published by the Macmillan Co. The apparatus includes a grammatical

introduction and a glossary (both very extensive), besides the usual notes. The selections given are numerous, and are classified according to the dialects which they represent.

A new edition, with additions, of Professor Richard T. Ely's 'The Labor Movement in America,' comes to us from the Macmillan Co. The original of this work is now nearly twenty years old.

Taine's 'Voyage aux Pyrénées,' edited by Mr. William Robertson, is published by Mr. Henry Frowde in the 'Oxford Modern French Series' of texts.

'Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know,' published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., is a selection of the best fairy tales of all times and of all authors, made by Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, who also contributes an introduction. There is nothing to indicate the sources of the text, or even the authorship in such a case as that of 'The Ugly Duckling.'

'Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama,' edited by Professor W. H. Williams, is published by Mr. Henry Frowde at the Oxford Clarendon Press. It is a thick volume, covering the period from Lyly to Shirley, and supplied with many notes. Being supplementary to Lamb's 'Specimens,' it avoids the passages contained in that work, and also omits Shakespeare for obvious reasons.

'La Critica Letteraria nel Rinascimento' (Bari: Laterza) is a translation of Dr. Joel E. Spingarn's work published some four years ago. The author has supplied certain corrections and additions, and contributes an *avvertenza* of several pages. The translation is by Dr. Antonio Fusco, and Sig. Benedetto Croce, the distinguished Italian critic, prefaces the volume with a few pages of commentary.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

July, 1905.

Ants, Agricultural. H. C. McCook. Harper.
Argentina. John Barrett. *Rev. of Reviews*.
Autocracy and War. Joseph Conrad. *No. American*.
Bonaparte, A. at Head of American Navy. *Rev. of Revs*.
Chateaux of Chambord, Chaumont, etc. *Century*.
Copyright, U. S., and International Relations. *No. Amer*.
Criticism and Mr. Saintsbury. Ferris Greenslet. *Atlantic*.
Degeneration, Physical, in Great Britain. *No. American*.
Democracy, Practical School of. I. F. Marquand. *W. Wk*.
Drake, Francis, Romantic Adventures of. A. Laut. *Harp*.
Eastern War, Some Results of the. Chester Holcombe. *At*.
Educational and Charitable Work, Publicity in. *No. Am*.
Express Companies, Publicity for. F. H. Nixon. *Atlantic*.
Fares, Street Railway. H. S. Knowlton. *Rev. of Revs*.
Fortunes, Large. J. Laurence Laughlin. *Atlantic*.
Freight Rates Made by the Railroads. *Rev. of Reviews*.
German Art, Secession Movement in. A. Kinross. *Century*.
Gravitation and the Ether. C. W. Saleeby. *Harper*.
History, the Outlook in. William R. Thayer. *Atlantic*.
India, Political Future of. Sir Henry Cotton. *No. Amer*.
Ireland, Industrial Situation in. J. W. Root. *No. Amer*.
Jones, John Paul. Charles Henry Lincoln. *Rev. of Revs*.
Kilby, John, Narrative of. *Scribner*.
La Follette Railroad Law in Wisconsin. *Rev. of Reviews*.
La Notre and Its Gardens. Beatrix Jones. *Scribner*.
Libraries for Everybody. Herbert Putnam. *World's Wk*.
Life Insurance Companies, Present Supervision of. *N. Am*.
Life Insurance, the Wrong Way and Right Way. *W. Wk*.
Liszt, Franz, and Princesses Carolyne. G. Kobbé. *No. Am*.
Marriage and Divorce. Elizabeth Carpenter. *No. Amer*.
Mathilde, Princess, the Late. Mme. Blanc. *Century*.
Mob Spirit in Literature. The. H. D. Sedgwick. *Atlantic*.
Mortgage Tax in N. Y., New. E. R. A. Sellman. *Rev. of R*.
Negro, Religious Life of the. Booker T. Washington. *N. A*.
New York Harbor. James B. Connolly. *Harper*.
Niagara is "Harnessed." How. T. A. DeWeese. *R. of R*.
Norway and Sweden. *Rev. of Reviews*.

Ohio: A Tale of Two Cities. Lincoln Steffens. *McClure*.
Paintings, American, Collecting. Annie N. Meyer. *W. Wk.*
Ferry in Japan, With. John G. Servall. *Century*.
Poland, The Future of. David B. Macgowan. *Century*.
Poland Today. Robert Atter. *No. American*.
Pole, For the Conquest of the. P. T. McGrath. *Rev. of E.*
Prison Chaplain, Experiences of a. C. E. Ordway. *Atl.*
Public Schools Achieve, What the. C. C. Johnson. *W. Wk.*
Rockefeller, John D. Ida M. Tarbell. *McClure*.
Roman Catholic Church, Reform in the. *No. American*.
Russia and Japan, Financial Facts about. *World's Work*.
School, A Model City. Dorothy Canfield. *World's Work*.
Shannon and Pictorial Portraiture. C. Brinton. *Harper*.
South American Markets, Our Neglect of. *No. Amer.*
Sponge-Divers, Greek, of Tripoli. C. W. Furlong. *Harper*.
Sterne, About Laurence. Wilbur L. Cross. *Atlantic*.
Tampala, The Land of. Benjamin Brooks. *Scribner*.
Togo's Victory, Effects of. Baron Kaneko. *World's Work*.
Village Life, Modern Comfort in. *World's Work*.
Workers, Better Conditions for. Leroy Scott. *Wor. Wk.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 56 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE AND HIS FRIENDS. Edited by Catherine B. Johnson. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 352. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.
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